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which it contains, but in its mechanical style and execution. Hitherto, the superiority of an English to an American book, in point of paper and typography, has been taken for granted; but the recent publications of the firm to which we are indebted for the *Memoirs of Horner* go far towards justifying a reversal of this opinion.

ART. VIII. — *Collections of the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society. Volume II. The Frontier Missionary: a Memoir of the Life of the REV. JACOB BAILEY, A.M., Missionary at Pownalborough, Maine; Cornwallis and Annapolis, N. S.; with Illustrations, Notes, and an Appendix.* By WILLIAM S. BARTLET, A.M., Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass., and a Corresponding Member of the Maine Historical Society. With a Preface by RIGHT REV. GEORGE BURGESS, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Maine. Boston: Ide & Dutton. 1853. 8vo. pp. 365.

THE man who puts pen to paper, and spares that paper from the flames, is at the mercy of posterity. *Litera scripta manet.* Be it a recipe, or an orderly's book; an undigested mass of memoranda, or a treatise completed for the press; files of letters never seen except by two pairs of tender eyes, or heaps of sermons familiar to the ears of more congregations than one; juvenile poetry, or autobiography laid by and forgotten; secret, religious diaries, or treasonable correspondence; the doubtful books of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, the Greek prayers of Bishop Andrews, the Latin ones of Dr. Johnson, the love-letters of Doddridge, the journal in cipher of Pepys, the unfinished Tales of Crabbe, or the corrected and recorrected originals of the polished verse of Pope, — all must come forth before a gazing world, if no careful executor or hasty housewife has removed them out of the way of that search which, sooner or later, will be attempted. The antiquarian temperament is exceedingly common; and the mere accident of pres-

ervation creates a real value. Obscure persons become important when they can tell us, under their own hand, what no living man has seen, and give us back, just as it was, the picture of an age which has left, or has not left, a history;—a picture, precious if it adds to the history that exists, most precious if it restores a history that had else been lost!

The “Frontier Missionary” of the book before us was one of those who write much which a deliberate judgment might very well sentence to the flames, but who preserve it, such as it is, from the same fondness which led them to write at all. The result in this instance appears to have been a chaos of papers, out of which the biographer, with evident industry, accuracy, and discretion, has prepared a volume which the Historical Society of the Episcopal Church did well in incorporating with its Collections, and which merits its own peculiar place amongst the books that illustrate the annals, manners, and character of New England.

In the Harvard class of 1755, a bashful young man, twenty-five years old, named Jacob Bailey, of Rowley, received his diploma, along with John Adams, John Wentworth, Tristram Dalton, President Locke, and several other youths who attained a subsequent eminence. Bailey, though of course one of the oldest of the class, yet, from his humble origin, was placed at the foot of the Catalogue, in accordance with the academic heraldry of our fathers. His story may be briefly told. The son of a farmer in narrow circumstances, he had attracted by his facility of composition the notice of the minister of the parish, who assisted him, and obtained for him the assistance of wealthier men, in working out his education. By school-keeping, he sustained himself through a period of preparation for the Congregationalist ministry, and was duly licensed; but in 1760 went to England for Episcopal ordination, and returned, as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to the settlers at Pownalborough on the Kennebec. There the Revolution found him, after fifteen years of labor amongst a people generally poor and not seldom rough, with his humble church and parsonage, his admirable garden, and his ever fertile writing-table. A Loyalist in principle and in heart, and dependent on a stipend from England, he rather

broke than bent before the tempest; and, after enduring much, found his way in great poverty to Halifax. The residue of his days were passed in the charge of missions at Cornwallis and Annapolis in Nova Scotia; and at Annapolis he died, in 1808, an old man of manifold experience.

Along the thread of this Life of Mr. Bailey, his biographer has arranged, from his manuscripts and from other sources, a variety of curious and interesting details, relating chiefly to the religious observances of the voyagers and colonists who landed in the northern regions of North America before the permanent settlement at Plymouth; the manners of the age which preceded the Revolution; the fortunes of the Loyalists; and the early history of Episcopacy and the Episcopal clergy in the Eastern States.

It was a striking feature of the exploring expeditions of England from the first, that Christianity and its ordinances went with the voyagers. We have admired the same noble union of faith and high enterprise in the characters and deeds of some of her later discoverers, like Parry and Franklin. But with those of the days of Elizabeth and James the First, the very forms of Christian usage and worship were a part of the enterprise itself. Every discoverer set up a cross for his sovereign and for Christendom, on the land which he touched with his keel. Mr. Bartlet has disinterred from Hakluyt the following particulars of the voyage of Frobisher, in 1578, to the icy coasts of the North.

“Articles and orders to be obserued for the Fleete, set down by Capt. Frobisher, Generall, &c.

“‘I. Imprimis, to banish swearing, dice and card playing and filthy communication and to serue God twice a day with the ordinary seruice of usuall in the Churches of England, and to clear the glasse [hour-glass] according to the old order of England.’

“They arrived at their destination ‘upon the one and thirtieth of July.’ ‘Here every man greatly rejoiced of their happie meeting and welcomed one another after the sea manner with their great Ordinance; and when each partie had ripped up their sundry fortunes and perils past, they highly prayed God, and altogether upon their knees gaue him due, humble and hearty thanks, and Maister Wolfall, a learned man and appointed by her Maieties Councill to be their Minister and

Preacher, made unto them a godly sermon, exhorting them especially to be thankfull to God for their strange and miraculous deliuerance in those so dangerous places, and putting them in mind of the uncertaintie of man's life, willed them to make themselues always readie as resolute men to enjoy and accept thankfully whatsoever aduenture his diuine Prouidence should appoint. This Maister Wolfall, being well seated and settled at home in his owne Countery, with a good and large liuing, hauing a good honest woman to wife and very towardly children, being of good reputation among the best, refused not to take in hand this painfull voyage, for the only care he had to saue soules, and to reform those Infidels, if it were possible, to Christianitie: and also partly for the great desire he had that this notable voyage so well begunne, might be brought to perfection: and therefore he was contented to stay there the whole yeare if occasion had serued, being in every necessary action as forward as the resoluteest man of all. Wherefore in this behalfe he may rightly be called a true Pastor and Minister of God's word, which for the profite of his flocke spared not to venture his owne life.'

"On the 30th of August, 'Maister Wolfall preached a godly sermon, which, being ended, he celebrated also a Communion upon the land, at the partaking whereof was the Captaine of the Anne Francis, and many other Gentlemen and Souldiers, Mariners and Miners with him. This celebration of the diuine mystery was the first signe, seale and confirmation of Christ's name death and passion euer knowen in these quarters. The said M. made sermons, and celebrated the Communion at sundry other times in seuerraille and sundry ships, because the whole company could neuer meet together at any one place.'"—pp. 244, 245.

The colony of De Monts, in 1604, was under Huguenot leaders. They literally planted the cross on the banks of the Kennebec and the Penobscot. Settled on an island in the St. Croix for the winter, they had their "little chapell, built after the sauage fashion"; and L'Escarbot, one of their chiefs, instructed and exhorted his companions.

The colony of Popham, which passed a year at the mouth of the Kennebec, arriving in August, 1607, included men of the worthiest stock which then flourished in the West of England. Popham, the President, was a brother or near kinsman of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the great patron of the colony. The chief in the naval command was Raleigh Gilbert, who united the names of his two illustrious uncles, Sir

Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh. There appears to have been no other printed authority for the history of this expedition, except a brief statement in Purchas, till a very recent period. No other was known to Mr. Bartlet till his book, some three years since, was ready for the press. But a year before, in 1849, the Hakluyt Society had published at London, in one of their volumes, a manuscript from the British Museum, the work of William Strachey, who was Secretary of the Colony of Virginia, under Lord Delawar. A part of this document consisted of an account "of the Northern Colony, seated upon the River of Sachadehoc." Mr. Bartlet obtained a copy of the volume from England; and portions of it, as contributed by him, have since appeared in the collections of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts and Maine. The narrative is evidently taken from the journal of some of the colonists. It names the chaplain or pastor of the expedition, Richard Seymour, who, landing on Sunday, the 9th of August, 1607, on "the Island where the crosse stood, the which they called St. George's Island," preached then and there the first sermon ever heard in the United States north of Virginia. Ten days after, they organized their colonial government on the Sagadahoc, which is the name of the Kennebec, after it has received the Androscoggin; and on that occasion, they again listened to a sermon from Seymour. In the succeeding autumn, they built their fort, which was so large as to contain "fifty houses, besides a church and a storehouse," and "framed a pretty pynnae of about some fifty tonne, which they called the Virginia." The President died in the depth of the winter; the Lord Chief Justice Popham died about the same time; Raleigh Gilbert was called home by the death of his own brother, Sir John; and the adventurers determined to return in a body, with their leaders, in the following summer. Relying upon the express words of Purchas, "in a westerly peninsula," and those of the Strachey journal, "on the west side, being almost an island of a good bigness," Mr. Bartlet decides, against Sullivan and tradition, that the old foundations of houses and a fort upon Stage island, just at the mouth of the river, cannot be the work of this colony. He plants it at Atkins's Bay, on the western bank, where he finds a site suitable in various respects, but no foundations.

Following down the early history of Maine, the author at length arrives at the German settlement, called Frankfort, which formed, under the name of Pownalborough, a part of the charge of Mr. Bailey. Here, we are on ground which is not yet ancient; and the pictures of ante-Revolutionary manners which are interspersed through the memoir are amongst its choicest portions. The youth of Bailey fell in the period which immediately preceded the great war with France; a war which, like that of the Revolution, introduced, along with many of the ills of camps, some military and foreign influences, which were of a mixed nature, refining as well as corrupting. Before the entrance of these, there was, if we may believe Mr. Bailey, in moral communities at least, an exceeding tenacity of adherence to hereditary usages, united with not a little grossness in social intercourse. The rigidity of the early Puritans had given way in certain, probably well defined, particulars. Cards, dancing, and private theatrical performances were not excluded from the families of the clergy. While he was a licentiate, we find Mr. Bailey taking a leading part in "the play of the Scapin." After the performance, says he, and "after taking a dish of tea, we all walked down to the meeting-house, and there diverted ourselves till dusk; then returning, we had an agreeable dance." This was at Rowley; and four days after, at Hampton, he "ascended the pulpit with the utmost agitation of spirit, but was enabled to go through the exercise with greater freedom than he expected." Preaching at Plymouth a few Sundays in the same summer, he sees from his window, on the afternoon of the Lord's day, "a vast number of boys and girls diverting themselves in the most noisy manner." The prevailing use of liquors had reached that point, at which the temperance of the individual is the result of his personal self-control, not of the absence of social temptation. To describe the low tone of morals of which this Memoir affords some glimpses, as characteristic of New England especially, would be to forget all contemporary pictures of English society. The conduct and conversation of the British officers to whose company Mr. Bailey was confined, when he sailed to England in a vessel of war, were equal to any thing which shocks

us in the naval characters of Smollett. Whatever may be reiterated in our ears by those who seem to delight in believing that their own lot has fallen upon evil days, we are well satisfied with any comparison which the records of a hundred years since will suggest, whether in Great Britain or in any part of America.

It was in January, 1754, precisely a century ago, that Jacob Bailey, a student at Cambridge, "meeting with many discouragements, had almost resolved to fix off to sea." Better counsels prevailed, and before sunset he received from a clerical friend two dollars and a pair of gloves; and was soon encouraged by the pastor of Rowley to visit Portsmouth and the neighborhood, and throw himself upon the kindness of some persons of wealth and liberality. The following was the experience, in part, of the poor scholar.

"February 2d. After prayers, we all breakfasted upon chocolate, etc. When we had done, Mr. Chase called me into another room, and gave me £3, Hampshire money. Afterwards, we fitted out for fishing, and getting into Mr. Chase's boat, we, six in number, launched off, but changing my mind, I was set on Kittery shore. Being come to land, I travelled over the rocks up to (Rev.) Mr. Stevens's. Here I found his wife and him at dinner, and, upon invitation, sat down with them. After dinner, Mr. Stevens . . . gave me a dollar, and a commendatory line to Sir William Pepperell. About two, I set out with the intention of seeing York, but before I had got to Sir William's plantation, an exceeding thick fog arose and covered all the land, so that it was almost impossible to discern the ground right under one's feet. I at length, however, found the knight's house, and went first into the kitchen, where I waited till after he had dined, and then sent in my letter. When he had read it, he immediately sent for me, upon which I was conducted into the room, where I found Sir William and his lady and three gentlemen. The knight ordered me to sit down, and turned me out a glass of wine, upon which I drank his health. After I had been, with the gentlemen present, long entertained with an account of his travels in England, he sent a young scribe in his employ with a couple of blacks up to Portsmouth in a boat, with whom he ordered me a passage. Accordingly, about three o'clock, we prepared for our voyage, and being ready to set off, Sir William's lady presented me with a dollar, and he gave me twenty shillings in copper, and came with us down to the water, where he helped me into the boat, and charged me to come and see him, if I came that way again."

"February 4th. This day I proposed to set out on my journey home, but after breakfast Mr. Langdon and I took a walk, first to Mr. Wiberd's, the Counsellor, and then to Mr. Wiberd, the Merchant, who gave me two dollars apiece. During my stay here, I was taken aside by my lady Wiberd, who bestowed upon me a yard and a half of very fine muslin and a pair of fine worsted stockings. As we were going out of Mr. Wiberd's we met Mr. Jefferds, who gave me nine livres.

"From hence we proceeded to Col. Atkinson's, who out of his generosity put me in possession of £12, Hampshire money, and treated me very handsomely. From Col. Atkinson's we directed our course to Capt. Warner's, where I had an opportunity of seeing his son, who, together with his father, treated me very handsomely. Being invited to dinner here, we refused and retired home, where we dined; after which, Capt. Warner's son came to Mr. Langdon's, and after we had sat together a little time, I took my leave of Mr. Langdon's family. On coming out of the door, Warner came with me and gave me four dollars and a bundle of things, worth £10, O. T. I have the greatest reason to esteem this town, for the kindness I received from several of the principal inhabitants, especially from Mr. Langdon and his family, who all treated me with peculiar respect."

"Cambridge, February 27th. This day received by Mr. Warner, from (Rev.) Mr. Langdon, of Portsmouth, the remaining part of my bounty from those gentlemen I had lately visited, consisting of one pistole, one English shilling, and forty-two livres."— pp. 12 – 14.

In July of the same year, he accompanied a college friend and his sister on horseback through Rhode Island and Connecticut. He comes to Dedham, "where Ames, the famous astronomer, lives." At Attleborough, as they passed the parsonage, they "had a view of the numerous file of daughters," for whom, eleven in number, the worthy minister was celebrated. Providence he describes as "a most beautiful place, very growing and flourishing, and the finest in New England." But "gaming, gunning, horse-racing, and the like, are as common there on the Sabbath as on any other day, and persons of all professions countenance such practices." At Warwick, the daughter of the innkeeper waits upon them, "barefooted and barelegged, with a fine patch and a silver knot on her head, with a snuff-box in one hand, and a pinch at her nose in the other." At Tower Hill, the innkeeper, who, "by a few subtle hints, gave them to understand

that he was a Justice of the Peace," "after dinner was over, rose from the table, clasped his wife round the neck, and kissed her." Here, at the bottom of the hill, they "saw a man that hung there in gibbets; the man had been there three years already, and his flesh was all dried fast to his bones, and was as black as an African's." "The great Quaker meeting-house," in the neighborhood, was "an odd-built thing, having a kitchen and chimney at one side." At Charlestown, where they lodged on the third night, "about five miles from the place where the great Narraganset battle was fought," they were told "that the natives inhabited those parts, to the number of five or six hundred." Westerly was "a miserable, poor, unpopulated place," "the inhabitants seeming to be, a great part of them, Indians." At Groton, one of the ministers "records in his parish no less than fifteen different religions." The little party arrived at New London after a journey of four days, being four hours and a half in riding the last eight miles. At New London they passed a Sunday; and he remarks that "some of the young women wear hoops, though very much out of fashion"; while "the greatest part of the men wear caps, and a wig is scarce to be seen in the whole meeting-house." At Lyme, the goal of this pilgrimage, he was the guest of his companions, in the house of their father. At dinner, "the whole family, both white and black, gathered round a long table"; a family "consisting of nine sons and one daughter, two maids, and five to six negroes."

Visiting Cambridge on the 19th of March, 1756, he "saw the story of Queen Esther and Haman acted in the college chapel." In the same year; early in the war, we find him "training his scholars in military exercises," the best speller being the captain. When he waited upon President Holyoke, in December, 1759, to obtain his diploma and some testimonials, in preparation for his voyage to England, "notwithstanding the extreme cold," says Mr. Bailey, "he caused me to tarry in an outer kitchen for near half an hour, without any fire to mitigate the prevailing severity." In the vessel of war in which he embarked, "the captain and officers endeavored to conceal a negro servant, belonging to Capt. Ellis, of

Beverly, but Mr. Ellis, understanding his business, recovered his servant by authority." "After some considerable dispute," says the forlorn candidate for the ministry, "I had my lodgings fixed in Mr. Pearson's berth, where Master Robant, Mr. Baron's man, and I, agreed to lie together in one large hammock."

The journal in England has an interesting minuteness in some of its observations; but we hasten over these, and over the rough scene of missionary toil, to that part of this book in which Loyatism and the Loyalists receive some commemoration. Mr. Bailey himself had strong political feelings, and his stipend from England was his daily bread. To him, as to others of the Episcopal clergy, the practical question came in the most delicate form. They had sworn allegiance to the crown; could they break their oath? They had promised conformity to the Liturgy, which contained repeated prayers for their sovereign; could they annul this promise? There is no special appearance of high, chivalrous sentiment, or of the religious ardor of martyrs. Those of them who took the royal side seem rather to have acted like officers who held the royal commission, as if it was a matter of course that, under their engagements, they would remain true to their prescribed duties. Those of them who transferred their allegiance to the independent States looked farther into the designs of Providence, and interpreted more wisely the law of Christian obedience to rulers; but in such a change, we should be grieved to see the clergy of any church either first or last.

The sufferings of Mr. Bailey, which were indeed very severe, ended on his arrival at Halifax. His biographer has appended brief notices of fifty or sixty persons, whose names and histories would have just claim to be added to Mr. Sabine's valuable account of the American Loyalists. After seventy years, it is well that these records should be gathered up; and the people of this land can read without shame all the contemporary views of a contest, which, much as it necessarily involved of pecuniary sacrifice and personal distress, was yet perhaps the most humane of all those struggles in which the fate of great nations has at any time been decided by arms.

We shall but briefly note the influence of the great issue upon the fortunes of a man, remote and humble, but abundantly interested and quite unshaken. It may exemplify many a story of various anxiety and disaster. On his return from a visit to Boston, in September, 1774, he was "mobbed at Brunswick." Three days after, he "fled from a mob" at home, and remained in concealment for two days. In April, 1775, on the day when the news of "Colonel Percy's defeat" at Lexington arrived, he was "assaulted by a number of ruffians." A few days later, his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Weeks, of Marblehead, arrived, with his family of eight children, seeking a refuge, and was with much difficulty permitted to land his furniture. In June, the salary of Mr. Bailey ceased. In August, a fellow, who made one of a riotous company passing by, snapped his loaded musket several times at the two clergymen; "but it was providentially prevented from going off, notwithstanding it was never known, before or after this experiment, to miss fire." Seven of his twelve sheep were afterwards killed, and "a fine heifer was shot as she was feeding in his pasture." On Sunday, the 11th of August, 1776, he was forbidden to pray for the king, and "only delivered a sermon." In October, he was "before the Committee for not reading the Declaration of Independence, for praying for the king, and for preaching a seditious sermon." A warrant had been issued against him in July; but, by absconding from Sunday to Sunday, he had till then escaped, still officiating every Sunday. He now concealed himself in his house for five weeks, and then, crossing the Kennebec under the protection of a fog, reached Brunswick, and made his way to Boston. About Christmas he returned home; but in the following summer went again to Boston, in an attire which, while he describes it with humor, yet indicated too well the depth of his poverty. He records gifts from his friends in Boston, on that visit, to the amount of three hundred and fifty dollars. In his absence, his family were almost without sustenance; sometimes entirely for twenty-four hours. At length, in May, 1779, the sheriff appeared at a funeral, to apprehend the suspected minister. "Through the vigilance of friends, he had timely notice, and escaped the danger"; but in the

following month, he embarked with his family in a little vessel of fifteen tons, for Halifax, amidst the tears of many of his parishioners. A voyage of a fortnight concluded his political troubles, and separated him for ever from his native country. Happy the men of that age and the citizens of that land, in which the histories of great and small trials like these are histories only, and histories of a day of which little more than the glorious results are now remembered!

The body of Loyalists who withdrew to Great Britain or to the Provinces included a considerable proportion of the earlier Episcopal clergy of New England. One of the most respectable of these was Dr. Henry Caner, the venerable Rector of King's Chapel, who, dying in 1792 in Wales, and having begun his life in the first year of the century, linked the era of Queen Anne to that of the French Revolution; the old age of some who had been born before the settlement of Plymouth, to the youth of some who are now living. It is a striking illustration of the brevity of our national annals, and of the comparative novelty of the old ecclesiastical system of Massachusetts and Connecticut, from which Dr. Caner was one of the first seceders, in the early days of the College at New Haven. A less honorable name is that of Dr. Samuel Peters, the burlesque historian of Connecticut, who appears, and, as might be expected, with more wit than decorum, among the correspondents of Mr. Bailey. He never acknowledged the book, but he thus announces its appearance. "Some assassin, last summer, published the History of Connecticut in a lively and sarcastic style. It is said to be the only true and impartial history ever published about New England. We cannot find out the author, but Harrison Gray, and the Saints of Salem and Boston, like it not. They call it 'a cursed book.' Price 6s. bound." The younger Byles was another of these exiles. It was long before the Episcopal Church in Boston recovered from its losses; and the congregation of King's Chapel was so far changed by the removal of many of its chief members, that, within a few years, the oldest of the Episcopalian parishes of New England was severed from the parent communion.

It would be a rich gain to our historical literature, if many

such volumes as this, each having its own sphere of interest, and its own company of readers, might preserve, from each period,

“ The very age and body of the times,
Their form and pressure.”

They would exceedingly assist the Macaulays and Bancrofts of a coming generation. They might even serve to furnish to a still greater, to some future Gibbon, materials for some of those most attractive passages on his golden page, where he delights to follow out the fortunes of some private man, and make them the channel along which the mighty currents of national or universal progress towards glory or ruin may be traced, when all has long been buried.

ART. IX. — *Corneille and his Times.* By M. GUIZOT. New York: Harpers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 395.

M. FRANCIS GUIZOT is now about sixty-six years old, and the distinguished ability which he has shown as a scholar, an historian, and a statesman, has raised him to a commanding position among the most famous Frenchmen of the present century. The work before us, however, is no late-born child, and does not contain the results of a life of study and reflection on the part of its able author. We learn from the Preface that it was first published in 1813, when Guizot was twenty-six years old, and that it is now republished “with many changes.” Hence we may derive a probable explanation of the fact, that so much useful and entertaining matter is found in the inconvenient form of notes, which might have been incorporated into the body of the work to the much greater satisfaction of the reader. The Preface also informs, us that the articles on Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron were prepared, and, to a great extent, written out, by Mme. Pauline Guizot; and, unless we are much mistaken, the generality of readers will find the most entertaining, although not the most learned, parts of the book in these three chapters. The book is cor-